Northern Messenger

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Wild Comrade

For the Messenger

By G. E. Wallace

THE MARY ANN was running home, with the sea foaming up from her bow, and then falling behind, a ribbon of wake that showed up clearly in the green blue water off Long Key. Ed Wright was whistling a tuneless little trill that fitted in with the strong breeze, and the waves that raced past. He was happy. He had been out after conch shells and was bringing back a cargo that would sell for quite a sum at the curio shop on the board walk at Three Palms.

Ed watched the shore, with its palmetto clumps, its tangled growth where the deer fed, and the ponies. He watched the sea, too. Off to the north he saw a triangular fin moving through the water. He tried to estimate the size of the shark that was heading out from shore, towards the deeper waters farther out. Then he turned his attention to the columns of spray that were shooting up along the shore.

Spray! There were sand spits there, and they ran down the coast for miles and miles, far farther south than the larger islands ran. The sand spits were always under water, while the larger islands were only covered when some hurricane came sweeping up from the southern seas, maybe once in a decade. The larger islands were the home of wild life. Raccoons patrolled the lonely, lovely white sand beaches. Deer came out at eventide and grazed beyond the thickets. And ponies, some said they came from stock lost when the Spaniards controlled the country, thundered in small droves up and down the whole stretch of the island barriers.

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THEN Ed started. The wild ponies were hardly ever seen. The ponies of the sea islands were wilder than the deer. And yet one was standing back of yonder sand dune!

Ed stood by the tiller of his boat, giving easily to the rise and fall of the vessel, while he watched the horse.

Some of the ponies were caught every year and sold over on the mainland. Taken young, they could be trained. They made good saddle horses. But rarely did anyone see the ponies unless they hunted for them.

And then Ed realized why the horse that had seen him did not snort, and turn, and race away.

That pony was in trouble! He was not just standing there, half-hidden by the sand dune, but was trapped, held in a vise, by a quick-sand sink!

There was only a ribbon of blue water between Ed's boat and the shore. There was less than one hundred yards between him and the pony. And Ed thought the pony looked at him despairingly. He could see the beast heave and struggle now, trying to free himself.

Every effort made by the trapped pony would hasten the end. Foot by foot, inch by inch, he would sink into the quick-sand. That was the fate of anything that had the misfortune to be trapped by the treacherous sand.

"He's doomed!" thought Ed.

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AND then Ed was bringing the boat about. Down the coast, on the mainland, was Three Palms, the big resort. He had been going down past Long Key, and past Offshore Bar, to take his cargo there . . . but his cargo could wait.

For a minute he felt the Mary Ann fight the tiller. Then she was heading in, towards the beach, towards the trapped pony.

Out from shore he dropped anchor, kicked off his rubber shoes, and plunged into the water.

He was a strong swimmer and made the beach easily.

Going behind the sand dune, he saw his guess was right. Somehow, in some way, the wild pony had got into the quick-sand, and its struggles were making it sink deeper and deeper.

For a second Ed stood looking at the pony, and the pony, exhausted, lay there, looking at him.

A bay, a dandy bay! The pony was old, though, five years old at least; not a colt that could be broken in without trouble.

Then Ed went to work. There was a stout palmetto a short distance back, and a rope snubbed around it would hold the animal up and stop him sinking farther into the quick-sand pit. That was all he could hope to do, Ed knew. If he made a loop and tossed it around the pony's neck, and pulled and tugged, it might easily choke the horse.

But if he made a large loop, and did not make it with a slip knot, why, when the pony struggled, it might be that, aided by the support given by the rope, he could tear loose and get free from the quick-sand.

Ed swam back to the Mary Ann. When he came back to shore he had not only a rope but a pulley. A tug now and then might help.

His first cast was a failure. The loop did not open, but slapped the horse on the head.

For a second he thought his plan to help the horse free itself would instead send it down to its death. For the horse tried to rear and plunge . . . and sank deeper.

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BUT his second cast was a success, and the rope did support the horse.

The pony couldn't understand, and yet he seemed to know Ed was trying to help him.

"That's right, rest," Ed said. "I'm going to help you. Now," when the horse again started to struggle, "I'll pull the rope taut."

Had he helped? He was not sure. Yet it seemed that the pony's struggles had loosened the hold of the quick-sand somewhat.

"That's it, try again!" Ed said.

The sun beat down. The Mary Ann rode at anchor. One hour had passed, and still they were there, a trapped pony and a sweating boy.

But there was no doubt now that the pony was winning the fight and was pulling free.

If only he didn't tire out!. If only he didn't sink exhausted into the sand and give up the struggle.

"Come on, beauty!" Ed said.

And the wild pony seemed to know Ed was helping. He fought the sand, he struggled and heaved, arching his neck, snorting through his distended nostrils.

Finally he stood quivering on the safe, dry sand, letting Ed pet him, even though he trembled through sheer nervousness.

"You are a beauty, if there ever was one!" Ed said.

It was the beginning of a strange comradeship, between Ed, who fished and hunted conch shells up and down a lonely coast, and a pony that was as wild as the sea gulls that screamed as they soared over the waves.

Folks said you couldn't tame a wild pony.

Maybe not. But in the months that followed Ed made friends with the horse he had rescued.

Sugar, deft handling, soft words, had their effect. When Ed whistled when beating along the deserted shore of Long Key the wild horse appeared, and sometimes would gallop on the sands, separated by a ribbon of water from the boat his friend sailed.

Yet never once did Ed see the other ponies of the drove he knew were on the island. He caught sight of the one, often, but of the other horses he did not get a glimpse. Wilder than the wild were the horses of the outer barrier reefs.

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"WHY don't you sell him?" Ed's friend asked.

The friend had been skeptical. A wild horse, that came when you called him, that let Ed mount and ride him! He had been skeptical and more.

"Come and see," Ed had said.

And moving forward, the wild horse had come when Ed had given his whistle call.

"He's afraid of you," Ed had said.

His friend had retired. And glad to, he said. "He'll trample you, Ed! He's no colt, and we haven't a crowd, hunting and driving them!"

"I'll be safe."

"You'll be pulp when he starts in!"

But the horse hadn't struck out with his forefeet, squealing in fury. Instead he had taken the lumps of sugar, nuzzled Ed's hand for more, had stood while Ed stroked him and spoke softly to him.

And then Ed had sprung on his back, and up the beach they had gone.

"Like the wind,—like the whirlwind!" Ed's friend had said.

Riding bareback, grasping the horse's mane, pressing his knees in, Ed had fairly flown up the sand, the surf hissing in, flooding the sand, so that at times the wild horse's hoofs kicked up salt water spray.

"Why don't you sell him?"

They were standing watching the wild horse trot back to the cover of the palmetto shrubs, to his pasturage of beach grass.

"I . . . can't."

"He'd fetch a good price!"

"I know. But he's no colt.'

If the horse had been younger, it might have been different. Then he could have been broken in by anybody. But he was five years old, maybe six, as wild as an osprey, as free as the flying spume and foam. Ed he did not mind, but he'd fight anyone else. To break him in would break his spirit. He might even die.

"He's always ranged these islands," Ed said.

"I see," his friend said.

"I don't know if I can express it, but I like the sea, and a boat under me, and the wind sweeping in fresh and clean. I like the spray, and the far horizons. I'd feel cooped up in an office."

"If you sold him you could buy that bigger boat you have wanted."

"I know," Ed said. "But I can't do it."

And the lads turned the nose of the Mary Ann down the coast, away from Long Key, towards the resort town of Three Palms, where people paid to be taken out deep sea fishing.

"Let's cut in through the channel," said Ed's friend.

Ed didn't move the tiller. "We're too far down now," he said. "The channel's above us."

* * *

AND it was, a gap through which the sea flowed, dividing Long Key into two parts, into two islands, although the two had only one name.

"I did sail down the inland quiet passage last month," Ed said. "Remember that blow?"

"That little blow?"

"That little one," Ed said. "It had me scared for a time. I was up the coast, past Sea Gull Isle, and it sure looked as if a granddady blow was coming, so I headed for home quick. And it got looking worse and worse, and I cut in."

"Through the channel?"

"No. I didn't even dare run down along Long Key that far. I just scraped sand at the upper end, where Long Key almost joins the main land."

"Long Key will be a part of the main land some day, a point."

"It's surely filling in up there," Ed said.

"It will be a point on the main land, unless, of course, some blow blows it out of the ocean."

"They say that during blows, when the island is covered with a welter of foam, when waves race in from the sea and cover the island as they sweep to the main land, the wild animals know the storm is coming and flee to shelter on the sand dunes and the high lands of the mainland proper."

"I've heard that too," Ed's friend said.

THE wind struck with the force of a tarpon's strike. Ed was on the beach of Nameless Key hunting conch shells when the first blow came.

He took one look at the horizon, saw the murk of the sky blotting out the ocean, and knew he was in for trouble.

Down the sand he raced, and then swam out to where the Mary Ann lay at anchor.

It took only a minute to raise the anchor and get under way, but it seemed like hours. The storm was going to be a real storm, the storm of a decade.

He headed down the coast trying to think what he had better do. Long Key blocked him from the main land. If he tried to get in at the upper end of Long Key, where the sand spits of the island came close to the main land shore, he might ground the Mary Ann. If he sailed clear down around Long Key he'd be swamped by the seas that were running higher and higher.

The Mary Ann danced like a cork. The waves played with her, tossing her this way and that. But still she kept to her course, down the coast, past the sand beaches that were awash, past the palmettos that were bent by the force of the gale.

It was raining, but you could not tell where the rain left off and the flying spray began.

It was blowing and howling.

"Only one chance!" Ed said to himself through grim lips. He'd sail for the gap in Long Key, and send the Mary Ann through. On the other side of the island the water would be protected from the force of the gale.

In a swelter of foam he changed the course of the Mary Ann, and instead of running down the coast to round the lower end of the island he headed straight for the beach.

He stood by the tiller, his eyes bright. It was a fight, himself against the wild elements.

He kept his eyes on the tree clumps, when, through the flying scud of storm clouds, and spray, and rain, he could see them.

The gap through Long Key was just above the spot where the five sister palms grew.

The Mary Ann was leaping forward, staggering ahead. And then . . . where the gap should have been, there was sand.

The Mary Ann struck, the mast toppled, and Ed found himself half stunned by a blow on the head, and half smothered by the folds of the sail.

* * *

WATER broke over the boat. Water almost strangled him. The gap had closed! Blows were funny. They took from the land, they added to the land.

He fought his way clear and made the shore.

His head ached. He stood on the beach, despairing of his safety. For a moment he had a respite from the sea. But, out where the horizon line ought to be, it was inky dark. Wind was coming, a wind that would make the present gale seem like a mere breeze.

Then he saw deer heading north.

The animals were leaving the island that would soon be awash! The wild creatures of the woods were racing towards the main land, the high land, and safety.

He stumbled along, but the stubby growth kept him back. And in the sand he could make no progress at all.

And soon the island would be covered with the sea that was raging, sweeping in.

Far up in a crotch of a live oak he saw a coon. He was safe!

Two deer tore past, bounding lightly forward, heading up the island to where only a narrow channel separated it from the mainland woods. They knew trouble was coming, and they were heading towards safety.

But he was trapped.

His head throbbed, and throbbed. It was a wonder the mast had not cracked his skull. And he could not make time, running.

Then, mounting a dune, he saw a sight that few had ever seen.

Up the shore stood a drove of wild horses, facing the wind, facing the sea.

Ed could see that they were poised for flight.

There they stood, the wind blowing their heavy manes back, defiant of the storm, secure in their strength and speed.

And Beauty would be among them. Beauty might be their leader!

He had saved Beauty . . . Beauty allowed him to stroke him, even to mount and ride him.

And yet Ed knew he had not tamed and broken the wild horse. It was a privilege that the wild horse allowed him to take . . . that was all.

And suddenly Ed knew that his only chance of escape from the incoming sea was to ride Beauty to safety.

He whistled.

Of the group of wild horses, one turned.

* * *

AGAIN Ed whistled, and stumbled up the shore, heading towards the horses. If the wild horses fled, if they raced towards the mainland, he was doomed.

And the thundering waves were crashing farther up the beach. It would not be long before some monster wave would sweep the island. And that wave would be followed by another, and another, still larger. The island would be awash. Every living thing caught on it would be doomed.

The horses stood irresolute. They were ready to break and run.

Again Ed whistled.

Slowly, hesitantly, a horse stepped forward and came towards him. Slowly, as if doubtful as to what to do.

For the storm was increasing.

"Beauty!" Ed said, and coaxed the horse closer. "Beauty!"

His hand grasping the wild horse's mane, Ed leaped on his back, drove his heels into the horse's ribs, and the horse wheeled and ran.

A wave crashed. Water poured up on the beach, over the high lands, and down on the other side. Long Key was awash.

Riding the wild horse, the other horses pressing close, their eyes rolling white as terrified they raced for the shelter of the main land, Ed could only cling to his mount and hope that he did not fall off.

There was the thud of the flying hoofs in his ears . . . the roar of the wind . . . the hissing of the waves.

The horses' flying hoofs threw up sand, and water.

It would be a close call! His calling Beauty to him had kept the wild horses

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"Good Enough"

By Edgar Guest

My son, beware of "good enough,"
It isn't made of sterling stuff;
It's something any man can do,
It marks the many from the few,
It has no merit to the eye,
It's something any man can buy,
Its name is but a sham and bluff,
For it is never "good enough."

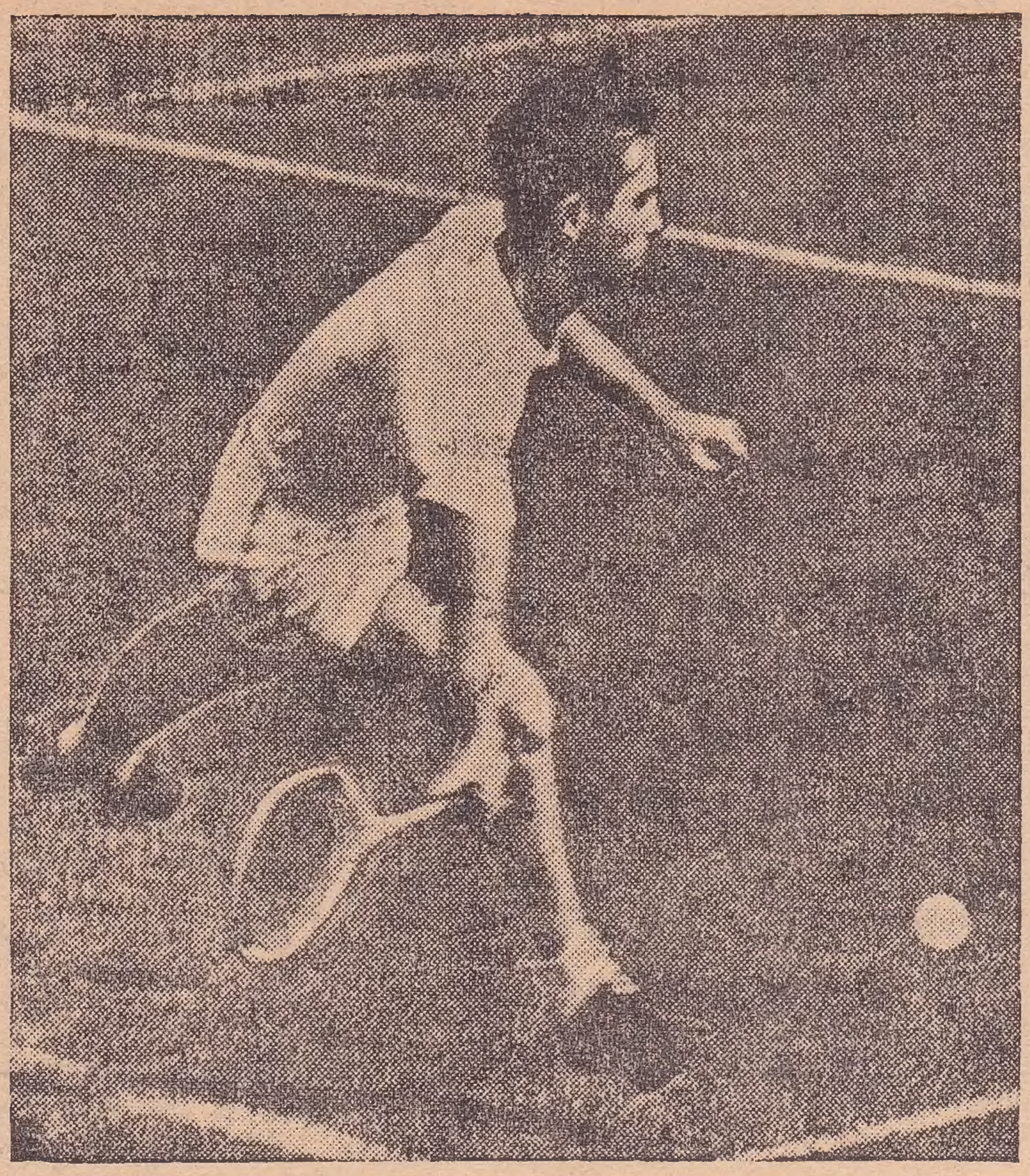
With "good enough" the shirkers stop
In every factory and shop;
With "good enough" the failures rest
And lose to men who give their best;
With "good enough" the car breaks down
And men fall short of high renown;
My son, remember and be wise,
In "good enough" disaster lies.

With "good enough" have shops been wrecked
The forward march of armies checked,
Great buildings burned and fortunes lost;
Nor can the world compute the cost
In life and money it has paid
Because at "good enough" men stayed.
Who stops at "good enough" shall find
Success has left him far behind.

There is no "good enough"; that's short
Of what you can do and you ought.
The flaw which may escape the eye
And temporarily get by,
Shall weaken underneath the strain
And wreck the ship or car or train,
For this is true of men and stuff—
Only the best is "good enough."

—Sel.

TOURNAMENT TACTICS



For the Messenger

By L. E. Eubanks

"THAT ball fairly burned the air!" cried one of young Gilden's admirers.

"Sizzled," agreed his companion. "I've played Hal a few times, and his service carries more problems than a cross-word puzzle."

Red Wheatley, receiving, would doubtless have agreed with that statement. Though rated a good tennis player, he missed the ball so far that even he laughed.

Later, however, Hal seemed to relent —or maybe he wanted a little more variety of action—and slowed down sufficiently for Red to make a few returns. But always he had the game in hand; when, occasionally, Red did stroke the ball along the sidelines or cross court, Hal was invariably there—if he tried to be. High or low, all balls were alike to him; he picked them from the air, he picked them from the ground, backhand, forehand, with a marvellous, sure expertness that made his opponent look hopelessly outclassed.

Suddenly, in extreme contrast to most of the speedy drives, a ball came over very slowly, with low trajectory, and bounced lazily at Red's feet. Red gasped with surprise when he actually missed this apparent "gift." He had hit much too low, for the tricky sphere, instead of bouncing at him, had taken a quick, vicious slew to the left. Red grinned; it was just a practice game for Hal, and they both, as well as the crowd, knew it.

Someone in the bleachers yelled: "Lay off, champ; Wheatley's got red hair, but he's no Don Budge!"

Instead of "laying off," Hal turned on still more speed; and Bart Macfaden, watching the game closely, heard a man behind him say:

" 'Champ' is right; all that kid needs is a chance to compete for the title. He's as good as amateur king now, but it's rumored that he'll turn professional as soon as he cleans up on this tournament."

"He hasn't quite done that yet," said another voice, as Macfadden listened without turning his head; "I'm told that the city fellow who meets him in the final day after tomorrow used to live here and was a better player than Hal."

"About fifty-fifty then, I understand. I never knew Macfadden, but my son says the high school bunch soured on him over a hockey game the year he graduated."

No more was said, and for a while Mac returned his attention to the game. Most of these fellows had not improved appreciably. He well remembered Red Wheatley and most of the others. Just average tennis players; no wonder Hal Gilden had been Knob Lake's star for the past year. Not much opposition.

Yes, it would have been a walk-away for Hal, had not Macfadden reappeared. And Mac just now was wishing heartily that he had refused to enter the tournament. He was not welcome; people in these small towns had too good memories. Day after day during the tournament he'd given Hal a chance to renew their old acquaintance. And been ignored—by that same boy with whom he had been like a brother for so long.

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DISCONSOLATELY Mac rose and stretched his long, athletic body, then started for his room at the small lakeside hotel. What would be Hal's attitude Saturday, in the game that would decide the tournament winner? How strange it would seem for these two, only a year before regarded as the province's best amateur doubles players, to be opposed to each other!

"I remember you." A boy of about sixteen had come up from behind Mac. "I saw that game when you split Hal Gilden's hand with your skate. The school's best defensive man, fine all-round hockey 'artist'. You were jealous, got your own school defeated just in order to put Hal out of the game. They shouldn't have let you graduate. You——"

"Say, fellow, stop for breath," broke in Mac. "The referee cleared me of all blame in that fall."

The other smiled sarcastically. "Oh yes, friend of yours. Some did agree with him. But Hal quit you from that day; he knew you did it purposely. And—dumb as you are—you can see how a lot of us still feel; they don't want you in this town."

"You've surely got a sweet disposition, kid," Mac answered; "please don't have me beheaded until after my game Saturday."

"You'll get yours," exulted the attacker; "I know you're good, but so is Hal, far better than he used to be. And in tennis you won't have a chance to cut his hand. "I've got friends, Hal's friends, and I'll see that you get the boos."

"Thanks," said Mac, turning into the hotel; "I do play a little tennis."

* * *

IN his room, that forced smile of indulgence left Mac's lips. He lay on the bed staring with unseeing eyes at the ceiling. This was turning out to be even worse than he had expected when he consented to enter the tournament. This was his first visit to Knob Lake since his graduation; he was doing well in the city, in his position with Jackson & James, and might have lived down the memory of his break with Hal, of the heartache he had suffered under unjust suspicion.

"Why did it have to be me?" he asked himself again and again. "I'm not the only good tennis player whom Mr. Gilden could have asked; and he has more confidence in my ability than I have, when he's so positive I can beat his son."

He read Mr. Gilden's letter again, the important parts:

"The tournament is open to all amateur players, and if you are as good as you used to be you may defeat Hal. Please do so. His recent plan to enter professional tennis hinges, I believe, on his winning this event. It will greatly disappoint both his mother and me. We have no quarrel with athletics, we are proud of our son's prowess; but we prefer his tennis to be only a sport and diversion. My plans for years, as you know, have been for him to enter the firm of Jackson & James, just as you did upon my advice. Ever since his break with you, Hal has declined even to discuss it. I know my son and know what is best for him. I know too that I can trust you; please do this for me, and for Hal whom I know, after all, you still love as you did when you both were little boys. Defeat in this tournament will, I feel sure, be the best thing possible for Hal."

Mac shook his head. "Of course he knows his son; but he doesn't know tennis, doesn't know how it gets in a player's blood—a player like Hal. I've a suspicion that no other achievement could give him as much joy as to defeat me Saturday. And it was I who knocked him out of his big chance in hockey. Assuming that I can defeat him, it'll break his heart. But if he wins, a fine old man, and a mother—"

Mac rubbed his forehead. His head ached with the problem. "This won't do; if I don't get into a better mood, and sleep more than I did last night, there won't be any doubt about who wins. And I must, I *must*."

Next day Mac took a little workout on the courts, just sufficient to retain his suppleness. He was in good physical condition, for he had been playing as often as his job would permit. The game was as dear to him as it was to Hal Gilden, and he had given it much scientific study.

* * *

ALL indecision left Mac during that day preceding his big match; for he could not help resenting the popular attitude. On every hand he encountered a rabid favoritism for the local boy, nothing less, in fact, than a contempt for the principles of sportsmanship. He had difficulty even in finding any player who would work out with him, and became so vexed at the boy's evident dislike that he cut the exercise short.

War Time Hymn

O "let there be Light"—foregathered are great hosts,
And the horizon's gleam is lost to sight . . .
The thunders break and crash around our loved home coasts,
In England's darkest hour—let there be Light.

Direct us, O Lord, our noblest aims and strivings
Are yet imperfect in Thy hallowed sight,
The powers of Hell assail, in base contrivings,
Still in the darkest hour—let there be Light.

Light of the world—where'er in Thy pure dwelling
On dying prayer come they who faced the Night—
Grant unto them that Peace beyond all telling
And of its radiance—Lead us to Thy Light.

—*M. C. Merrett in C.E.N.*

"It's none of my business, Mr. Macfadden," said the boy, in leaving the courts, "but you'd be wise to call off your game. You don't stand a chance to beat Hal Gilden, and you'll take an awful ribbing from the stands—on top of the defeat."

Mac's lips framed a hard smile and his eyes flashed. "I heard the first part of what you said; it *is* none of your business. I can take the boos, and I will take your local hero." And he meant it; Macfadden's fighting ire had been roused; he was not playing one man now, but the whole town.

Came Saturday, memorable day, with crowded stands, and the two principals keen to start. Hal seemed a trifle nervous, his opponent icy cool.

Hal's serve was bullet swift and far to the right. It looked like an ace, but Mac shifted, watching his opponent's feet, and was in stride. His racket caught the ball two feet from the baseline, sent it slewing for the far corner. It clipped the tape with not an inch to spare. Surely no human being could get it.

But Hal did. More, he returned it. It sang by Bart at incredible speed, slapping the clay for a clean point.

"Nice shooting!" Mac managed to say.

* * *

WHAT followed seemed like a nightmare to Macfadden. Never had he faced a crowd so utterly prejudiced and, at least for a time, he lost his poise, his timing and speed. Then suddenly the referee's words steadied him.

"Point and set to Mr. Gilden. Mr. Gilden leads, two sets to none."

During the ten-minute intermission Macfadden sucked a lemon while he fought the hardest battle of his life—for self-command. And he returned to the courts a different man, master of himself.

The same darting, shifting flash of skill and speed awaited him, but Hal soon sensed a change. Bart won the toss, and instead of serving he chose court—the court that would put his back to the lowering sun.

Gilden, serving two cannonball aces, swept through the first game easily. But when Mac served, in the second game, the real fight began. Hal barely got the ball back, a high lob that went to the baseline. Crowding close, Bart drove it to the far corner and Hal returned it, rushing to the net for a kill, as he had done successfully in the first two sets.

But this time the kill wasn't there. Only a high, spinning lob, with the ball disappearing squarely into the sun. Hal struck for it, half-blinded, and heard his return slap into the net.

Three times the local boy lashed at high lobs he couldn't see, and three times he lost the range in the sun. Mac had won his first game of the afternoon. He won the next five and the set.

* * *

APPARENTLY the crowd had now forgotten how to cheer. Instead, it muttered about the sun, about fair play, "give Hal a chance," etc.

Mac had expected to win that third set. But the fourth, with the sun in his own eyes, would probably win or lose the match. So, with the very first ball, he turned on all the power in him. A lightning-fast serve from Gilden hit the line on the backhand corner, and the server ran to the side as Mac's arm flashed out and down. It was the motion of a drive, looked like one. But it wasn't. Instead, the ball floated, with deceptive slowness, flirted precariously with the net, and dropped with a sodden backspin. Bart saw the drawn, tired face lunge to meet it, watched the racket swish futilely, a good yard short.

Silent were the stands. "Nice try," murmured Mac, but his eyes were hard as steel.

At Knob Lake they still talk of that fourth set—the most brillant and stubbornly-fought tennis ever seen on those courts—how Hal Gilden put out everything he had, and lost the set to a super-charged human dynamo who got nothing but jeers.

Without a vestige of enthusiasm, the referee announced:

"Set to Mr. Macfadden. Sets are two all."

In the fifth set, each winning his service, they fought to the eighth game.

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The Jungle Spirit

DR. STANLEY JONES tells of a sight he witnessed on the banks of one of the sacred rivers of India. Worshippers there brought offerings to the "sacred" monkeys and turtles. They threw the grain on the banks of the river for the monkeys and onto the water for the turtles.

"The broad backs of the turtles come up out of the shallow water as they pick up the grain from the bottom. The monkeys are very clever. They pick up their share from the bank, stuff it into the pouches of their cheeks, and when the bank is cleaned up they leap onto the backs of the turtles and reach down into the water to get the grain intended for the turtles.

"Clever? Very. But the nemesis comes. The patience of the patient turtles sometimes gives out, they grab a grasping arm and when they once take hold they do not know how to let go. And sometimes the patience of a patient people gives out, for when the monkeys become too much of a nuisance because of their greed, they are caught in huge crates and shipped off to mountain jungles where they are no longer sacredly fed but must find their own living.

"It is a parable and the meaning is plain. Everyone who stands on the back of another, everyone who will not serve and will not share will sooner or later find himself in a jungle of difficulties. Who shows the jungle spirit, to the jungle will go."

Christ brings us straight to God by the elimination of all our excuses and the reasons we give for our conduct which really keep us away from God. Christ is our living link.

The Keystone of the Arch

JESUS is the keystone of the arch of life. We rear one side, the arch of our upward craving after God and immortality, and God rears the other side for His love reaches out of the eternities to us. Jesus is the keystone, the meeting-place of God and man. In Him all things hold together.—E. Stanley Jones.

Prayer and Surrender

FUNDAMENTALLY upon the side of man, prayer is a laying bare of all that we are, our lives, our circumstances, our needs as we see them, our rejoicings, our care for our fellows and our longing for God. It is an activity in which man seeks to be utterly and completely himself that he may offer himself, such as he is, no more and no less, to God for His using.

And thus the climax of prayer upon its human side is simply that we wait upon God for His guidance and for His way with us.—Canon Grensted.

A Psalm of Today

THE voice of God spake in the heart of the righteous.

Press forward, O man, and spare not; advance with good courage, speak the truth with faith, and gross things of darkness shall decline before thee.

The beasts of the world lie round thee, ready to spring and tear thee to pieces; the serpents of deceit crawl from the swamp, on thy foot the adder hath fixed her eye.

Evil cankereth all, but in thy soul lieth the Word.

The universe is dark, the starry point is bright.

Noise is on the surface of things, but music in the deeps of the heart.

Many and wide are the waste places, but order proceedeth from man.

Endure therefore with hope, accomplish in strength and silence, and the far-off generations shall name thee a friend of God.

—From *Psalms of the West* by Rollo Russell.

The Christian is the one person in the world who can go through life with a song of praise in his heart.

Religion is a joyful experience.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—1 Chron. 16:29

Mon. : Forgiving one another . . . as Christ forgave you.—Col. 3:13

Tue. : Neglect not the gift that is in thee. —1 Tim. 4:14

Wed. : Walk as children of light.—Eph. 5:8

Thu. : In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God.—1 Thess. 5:18

Fri. : Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.—Eph. 5:11

Sat. : We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.—2 Cor. 5:10

Universal Peace

These things shall be: a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
O'er earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live, as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

—J. A. Symonds.

"Let Him Deny Himself"

SELF-RENUNCIATION in order to acheive self-realization is the deepest law of the Kingdom. When Jesus said, "he that findeth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life shall find it," He put His finger upon the greatest thing in our moral and spiritual universe. It does not become arbitrarily true because Jesus said it, but he said it because it was true.—E. Stanley Jones.

The puzzle of frustration and achievement, with the apparent inequalities of lot which so perplexed the Psalmist, would have no power to confuse those who find in failure a lesson to be learned of God, and in success an offering to be laid at His feet. —Canon Grensted.

The Answer is God

Unbelief says, "How can such and such things be?" It is full of "hows"; but faith has one great answer to the ten thousand "hows", and that answer is—God!—C. H. M.

"In the Bond of Fellowship"

THE love of Christian fellowship leaped across the miles from China to London in a cable on Sept. 17 when London was enduring its first heavy raids. From a Committee of the Ntl. Christian Council of China, meeting on that date, was sent the following message:

"Fellow Christians China send warmest sympathy common experiences afflictions deepen ecumenical fellowship confidently praying happy issue faith triumphant. W. Y. CHEN."

On Monday, September 23, the following reply was received from the Conference of British Missionaries at Edinburgh House:

"Greatly appreciate message reciprocate heartfelt sympathy stop vision fellowship adventure of worldwide church profoundly needed today. DIXON."

Young People's Bible Reading

To Go to Jerusalem

by BEREAN

For Sunday
DEC. 1, 1940.
Luke 9:49-62

OUR Lord paid several visits to Jerusalem. We find these visits recorded in St. John's Gospel. On one of these visits He healed a man on the Sabbath Day (St. John 5) and plots were laid against Him. "During His visit to Judea the Apostles were probably engaged in their mission of healing and teaching in Galilee (St. Matt. 10)

Returning to Galilee He was met by the Apostles who told Him with joy of the success of their mission. (St. Mark 6:30, 31; St. Luke 9:10)

They were greatly excited and badly needed a rest. It was impossible to effect this at Capernaum where so many were coming and going that "they had no leisure so much as to eat." So He requisitioned Peter's fishing boat and they sailed across the lake.

The people saw them and went round the head of the lake and met them when they landed. Weary as our Lord and the disciples were He "welcomed" the people (St. Luke 9:11 (R.V.) and healed and taught them.

Then occurred the miracle recorded by all four Evangelists, the feeding of the Five Thousand.

The crowds from the cities and country places round the lake had been further increased by a multitude of pilgrims going up to the Passover at Jerusalem.

They were all worked up to patriotic fever-pitch and wanted to take Jesus "by force and make him a king" so that He would lead them against their enemies.

He put the temptation from Him and in His address next day in the synagogue in Capernaum showed that His aim was very different.

This was the crisis of His Galilean mission. "Many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him."

The religious leaders in Jerusalem also sent agents to Galilee to work against Him. He saw that the Cross lay ahead. So from now on we often find Him leading the twelve to out-of-the-way places where He could prepare them for the terrible testing time that was coming.

"In My Name"

OUR Lord and His disciples seem to have had a beautiful custom. When the toils of the day were over they would gather at their evening meal and there as the dusk gathered round them they would open their hearts to each other.

The faith and trust that was asked of them was something much more than the acceptance of certain propositions about God—it was entire self-surrender or self-committal to God. . . . As the last analysis there will always be found one motive in life that is dominant. That motive must be God, and it must be all-absorbing. The "saving of your soul" or "self"—the realizing of your real being—requires that you should put God and His Kingdom first and take the consequences. . . . The life that you are called into is a glorious life. . . . He that "saveth his life"—that is hugs himself tight as his own possession—shall lose himself and come to ruin; he only who abandons himself can find himself . . .

It was not indeed that he despised or ignored the natural goodness which a man must be cynical indeed to refuse to see in the common actions of men. Jesus appreciated "a cup of cold water only" given in kindness. But he found this natural goodness of men—or the mixed quality of the average life around him—wholly inadequate for his purposes. "The Kingdom" could not be based on this sort of material, which is but a shifting sand.—Charles Gore, D.D.

The twelve would tell Him of their doubts and troubles and mistakes, and He with patient kindness would help them and would find joy in their companionship. Every meal in the East is a sort of Sacrament. "He was known of them in breaking of bread."

The twelve with their minds still full of a coming Kingdom had, along the way, engaged in their usual dispute as to which should be the greatest.

When they came into the house,—probably Peter's,—Jesus took a little boy "and set him by his side," (St. Luke 9:47) in the place of honor coveted by each of the disputants, and said "He that is least among you all the same is great." (R.V.)

The incident and especially our Lord's use of the phrase "in my name" led John to speak of a matter which lay uneasily on his mind. (v. 49)

The disciples had seen a man casting out demons "in the name" of Jesus.

He was a believer but he had not been called to the apostolic office and had received no definite commission to work miracles as the Apostles had. He had not even joined their company. So they had forbidden him.

Perhaps John and the disciples were jealous for the privilege of their office. Perhaps their "forbidding" was actuated by real loyalty to their Master and to the group of those who "followed with" Him. They were good men, but they were narrow minded.

Our Lord's reply was a rebuke of all bigotry. "He that is not against you is for you." (R.V.)

"The meaning is, The man, though without your apostolic commission, was doing and doing successfully, the very same benevolent work that you were doing. You ought therefore, to have esteemed him a friend and a helper, not an enemy." (Dummelow)

The man by his success proved that he had real faith in Christ.

On another occasion our Lord said, "He that is not with me is against me." (St. Luke 11:23)

The two sayings do not contradict each other. The first means that those who are doing God's work are on God's side. The second means that those who try to remain "neutral" are really against God.

"The Jerusalem Road"

NOW the time came when He must leave Galilee.

When He should be received up.—What a grand expression this is of Luke's. He looks beyond the suffering to the triumph.

He steadfastly set His face.—Know-

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Memory Verse

No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.
—Luke 9:62

DAILY BIBLE READINGS
From Nov. 25 to Dec. 1, 1940.

Mon.—Luke 9:57-62
Tue.—Matt. 10:37-39
Wed.—Luke 9:23-25
Thu.—Rom. 12:1, 2
Fri.—Luke 5:27-32
Sat.—Philip. 3:7-14
Sun.—Mark 10:35-40

Far Temples Calling

O slender London steeples
And mellow Temple bells
And quiet shaded pathways
Along whose age-old spells
Of stately elms and plane trees
Poets of England walked,
And statesmen of Elizabeth
Their dreams of England talked:

Though fallen be your beauty
And shattered all your panes,
Still—still the Soul of England
Walks proud along your lanes,
And still the heart of Nelson
And the great drum of Drake
Beat steadfast on those pathways,
Awake,—for England's sake!

Shatter the heart of London;
Blast every stone and spire;
Lay every tomb in fragments;
Yet, from the smoking pyre
Of all who fought for England,
Dreamed of her days to be,
There shall arise New England,
Deathless, and proud—and Free!

—S. Morgan-Powell in Montreal Star.

TO JERUSALEM

(Continued from Page 7.)

ing what was ahead, and perhaps against the remonstrances of his friends. (Adeney) See St. Mark 10:32; Isaiah 50:7.

Before His face.—That they might secure lodging for the company.

Did not receive Him.—The Samaritans opposed Him because He was on His way to the Jewish temple. They had not heard what He said at another Samaritan town two years before. (St. John 4:21, 23, 24) and they did not know that the Jerusalem authorities were His enemies.

James and John.—Note the fiery temper of the "Sons of Thunder." They would meet the Samaritan intolerance by an intolerance still fiercer.

And they went.—Here we see the self-control of Jesus. He and his friends were tired after their day's march. But His temper is unruffled. He quietly leads His followers "to another village."

No wonder, on one of these days "as they journeyed along the road" (Moffatt) a man (a scribe, St. Matt. 8:18) declared, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

And Jesus said unto him, "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests."

Nests. — "encampments", "roosts." "The idea is of the places where the birds rest at night. Even these wild creatures have their homes." (Adeney)

But the Son of Man.—Daniel (7:13) had seen "One like unto the Son of Man coming with the clouds of heaven." But many a son of man in our Lord's day,—and many a one in ours, —"had not where to lay his head" and Jesus shared the lot of the poor.

First He had "emptied Himself (Phil. 2:7 R.V.) in the miracle of His becoming man. And He had given up his home in Nazareth and again in Capernaum so that he might travel up and down the country teaching and helping people.

What sort of man do you think the scribe was? "Impulsive, gushing, with well-meaning, sincere emotion, but too quick and light in resolving—not likely to keep on. Does our Lord refuse him or rebuke him? No, but He sobers him to think about his resolve." (Paterson Smyth)

"Follow Me"

THEN there was a second man. He was not a volunteer but was called by our Lord.

Suffer me first.—Probably a proverbial expression meaning, "Allow me to stay with my father for the remaining years of his life."

"I don't think our Lord would disapprove of that. But He knew what was in man, and perhaps knew this one to be of hesitating, vacillating spirit, was always delaying—who wanted to be forced to a decision." (Paterson Smyth)

Leave the dead. — Likely another proverb—

Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!
(Longfellow)

And another. — Matthew had called his friends to a farewell feast. "The man's words must mean more, must imply a lingering disposition and a clining to old associations." (Adeney)

Matthew brought our Lord and His disciples to the feast at his house. Why did not this man do the like? Perhaps he was a little ashamed of taking up with Jesus and His disciples.

Put his hand to the plough.—One of our Lord's striking illustrations from everyday life. "A man who keeps looking over his shoulder can't plough a straight furrow."

"As Good Soldiers"

THE circumstances must be taken into consideration if we would understand these verses.

Our Lord was entering on the last few months of His earthly ministry. The cross lay just ahead. Those who chose to follow Him must be brave men, for a coward infects others with his cowardice.

You remember how in Scotland long ago when the "fiery cross" went round men were required to drop everything and hasten to their chieftain's side.

The Jews had a fine old rule when engaged in war. (See Deut. 20:5-9; Judges 7:3-7)

Judas Maccabeus (166 B.C.) followed this practice and his little band of heroes defeated many times their number.

A soldier counts the cost when he enlists, but he braves danger, hardship, wounds—and death itself if it comes,—for his country. He doesn't "look back."

Do not become morbid or allow the children to become morbid over these verses. God's service is "perfect freedom." "His yoke is easy and His burden is light." The Christian life is really the normal life, in the truest sense the "natural life."

These men with whom our Lord dealt were men who were only prepared to follow Him in a half-hearted way. Boys and girls always came to Him naturally and joyfully. The fact is He wanted these men to become more like children in joyful wholehearted loyalty. God will always help us to be true and joyful and loyal.

Just as being Canadians we are loyal to our King and country, so from our earliest infancy our Fathers and Mothers have consecrated us to God.

So joyfully we pledge ourselves "manfully to fight under His banner and to continue His faithful soldiers and servants unto our life's end."

Questions

1. What did John tell our Lord?
2. What did Jesus answer?
3. Why did the Samaritans refuse to receive our Lord and His disciples?
4. What did James and John want to do?
5. How did our Lord show his patience and forbearance?
6. The foxes have holes—. Complete the verse.
7. What did Jesus say about ploughing?
8. What did He try to teach these three men?
9. Should this discourage us in wanting to serve God?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

An Experiment

Vancouver, Sept. 16, 1940.

Dear Sirs,—I would like to see the Junior boys of our Sunday School getting the Northern Messenger. So please send me 50 copies for 13 weeks at your ON TRIAL rate of 9 cts. I enclose $4.50.

Our School is taking other papers, but I believe it would be to the decided advantage of these boys to read this splendid paper. I am trying it as an experiment, anyway. Yours truly,

A. MacGillivray

Note.—Besides being an added incentive to regularity of attendance on the part of Junior, the Northern Messenger will interest Juniors, older brother and sister, father and mother, some of whom may not be otherwise in regular, week-by-week touch with the Church. It may be regarded as a valuable church extension service.

ROCKING HORSE CABIN

How One Family Found Happiness Without the Pleasures that Money Buys.

By Henry H. Graham

For the Messenger

THE immortal words of Eugene Field,* the famous poet of bygone days, rang in my ears as I stopped to examine a toy rocking horse in a long-abandoned cabin in the evergreen wilds of Idaho. It wasn't much of a rocking horse now. In fact it was a pretty battered remnant of what had once undoubtedly been a useful plaything.

The deserted, tumble-down cabin in which I stood, more than repaid me for the long, exhausting climb from the floor of the winding, timbered valley to the nearly treeless mountain top. Pursuit of my hobby, the investigation of unused cabins in the forest, has taken me on many a stirring adventure, but none that was destined to yield greater memory treasures than this.

The lonely log cabin with its sunken roof, its ivy-draped walls and its general aspect of desolation stood on the wind-swept crest of a high peak where deep snowbanks fought stubbornly against the scorching rays of a summer sun. In the dark shadows of towering spruces little twisted drifts of white furnished the only evidence of a hard winter. Early wild flowers, chiefly violets and honeysuckle, grew all about in great profusion, lending color to a landscape that would otherwise have been drab.

Discovery of the rocking horse persuaded me to search for more relics of a past age—mementoes of the time when the cabin was bright with warmth and life, when its four now crumbling walls sheltered a happy family from the cruel blasts of mountain winters. Surely, I thought, there must be other things of interest in this once-hallowed spot so long unused.

There was only one room. In it the occupants ate, slept and lived while someone worked the silver and lead mine which had been dug into the hill back of the structure. A rusted sheet-iron stove stood in one corner of the room. The oven was now jammed with sticks, grass and what-not—a pack rat's nest. Several joints of pipe, full of rust holes, littered the floor. The remains of a crude bed made of poles filled the south corner. On the walls were calendars of ancient vintage, both being for the year 1910. Newspapers pasted on the logs inside the cabin told of the world series baseball and displayed faded, yellowed pictures of the prominent men of that day.

"There's a story here somewhere," I made myself believe as I delved into this and that, hungrily seeking handwriting that might furnish a clue to the occupants' identity.

I WAS rewarded by the discovery of a little note book in a drawer of the home-made bureau. Four pages contained writing. They comprised a brief diary. However, considerable time had elapsed between the various entries.

The oldest one read as follows:

"January 10, 1910: Elsie and Davy and I went on a hike today. It was the boy's fifth birthday and how he hated to leave the rocking horse I made for him! We bundled him up in woollens

and snowshoed down to the creek, arriving just in time to see three deer in the deep snow. They looked thin and hungry. Poor things! They haven't enough to eat. Upon returning home we had a good supper. Davy enjoyed his rocking horse while Elsie prepared the meal, humming as she worked. After supper I got to thinking about those hungry deer. And the more I thought about it the more sorry for them I became. So I took some of Dobbin's hay from the little barn, carried it to where we had last seen the deer, and spread it out for them to eat. The next morning, through field glasses, we watched the animals eat it."

* * *

I wondered if the above lines were ever intended as a letter to a relative or friend. I knew that often people who lived in the wilderness kept diaries. But I did not think long about the matter. For under date of May 5 were these words:

* * *

"It is good to have spring come again after the bitter cold winter. The run-off has begun in earnest and the creek is high and muddy. There'll be plenty of irrigation water for the farmers served by this watershed. Elsie is feeling much better now that she can get outdoors in the fresh clean sunshine, and I do not believe we will have to go to Arizona for her health after all. Davy is the ruggedest thing you ever saw and so full of life. But he needs other children as playmates. It is not good for a boy to be reared alone. He is apt to be selfish and unwilling to share his possessions as youngsters should. Elsie says we must put him in school soon. And she's right, too. He must go to Sunday School also, so that he will grow to be a fine, upstanding citizen. At the rate the ore is paying out we shall soon be able to leave these hills and go to town to live. It will be best for Davy."

* * *

The writer of that page did not say it would be best for himself or his devoted wife. All that mattered was that it would be best for Davy. I could read between the lines, put two and two together and understand that this happy couple, living deep in the wilds with their little boy, would remain there if they had only their own wishes to consult. But with another life to think of they had other things to consider, and wisely, were thinking along sensible, constructive lines.

* * *

UNDER date of August 6, the father had written in this vein:

"Elsie and I are the happiest people in the world tonight. God has been good to us and answered our prayers that Davy might live. He has been a very sick boy, but this evening he was cross and irritable, which is always a good sign. He was finicky about the food offered him—the thin, crisp toast and warm condensed milk. Before that he cared not in the least what was set before him, and in his delirium scarcely knew his mother or me. A little while ago he whispered in my ear with the typical eager lisp of a child, 'Make me a fish pole, Daddy. I going to be great fisherman when I get well.' I didn't wait until he got well. I made the fish pole at once and took it to him. When I saw him hug it to his breast and felt the touch of his warm, chubby hand on mine I realized more than ever why it was better to give than to receive. The smile he gave me more than paid for my work."

Ah, I told myslf, as I thumbed the yellowed pages, here was life at its sweetest and richest—real life unstained by the horrid commercialism of today. And somehow it made life sweeter for me, too—this chronicle of a happy family—this saga of contentment from the past. Elsie had made a

(Please turn to Page 11.)

*Eugene Field, American poet. "The Rocking Horse" was the subject of one of his most charming poems.

Our Chums'

MAIL BAG

DEAR CHUMS,—

The list of classes for our competition entries appears again this week, so please remember to state which class you come into when sending your letter on

"HOW TO KEEP FIT TO SERVE CANADA"

When you get really "on fire" about this subject you will find yourselves "getting fitter" every day, and won't that be fun? Others will follow your example. The main thing right now, though, is to get your letter written clearly and send it to Aunt Ruth, c|o The Northern Messenger, P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes, Montreal, Que. I know you are all going to "shine" in this contest, so don't lose any more time getting started, you who haven't written your letters yet.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Katie Mahovlich From Marion Eyre

Dear Katie:—When I read your letter in the Northern Messenger a while ago, I at once resolved that I write to you. You are not quite my twin as I will not be sixteen until December 6. You said you were a Christian. So am I and I am delighted to have a correspondent who feels that being a Christian is the first and most important thing to think of. Let us be real chums.

You said you wanted a twin from Kelowna, B, C. I am not from that place. I am from Ontario. You live in British Columbia, do you not? Do you live on a farm? I do and enjoy farm life very much.

You asked in your letter in the Chums' Mail Bag if any chums liked to memorize Bible verses I do very much. I know several chapters all through and also a large number of verses singly. You said there were eight in your family. There are nine in ours. My youngest brother, Douglas broke his leg in a fall on August 3 and this is Oct. 29 and he is just beginning to walk around with the aid of a chair or someones arm. It wouldn't have been so long but it knitted crookedly and it had to be reset.

I sing in the choir in our church. I am very fond of reading, too. I have read a large number of books. I also am fond of playing the piano. I took music lessons 3 years ago. I also like to sew, knit, and cook.

Well, I guess I had better close as my letter is getting long. Write soon Katie and tell me something about Yugoslavia. Goodbye for now. Your new pen pal,—Marion Eyre, Ont.

To Ella Riebel from Ella Smith

Dear Ella:Seeing your letter in the Messenger I thought I'd like to write to you. I will be eleven on the 29th of January. It really doesn't seem so far off with Christmas coming so soon and then the New Year, does it?

My hobbies are coasting—sliding I mean, and sewing. I guess I'll be able to do a lot of both this winter, as it looks as if it will be an early winter and a long one. When it isn't nice out I'll be able to sew for my "indoor sport". Write and tell me about your hobbies. I suppose you go to Sunday School as I do regularly.

I live in the country and like it. Oh, I have twin sister too. That's something not everybody has. I will be glad to hear from you, Your Pen Pal, —Ella Smith, N. S.

CONTESTANTS ARE DIVIDED AS FOLLOWS:

CLASS I.—Owners of N. M. pencil
CLASS II.—Owners of N. M. pencil and a Maple Leaf Badge.
CLASS III.—Owners of both pencil and badge who qualify in *one out of three subjects* of our new contest.
CLASS IV.—Those who have as yet won neither pencil nor badge, but who *qualify in all three* subjects of our new contest.

This gives everyone a chance.

Success on the first subject of this contest will have put you in Class I, entitling you to a Northern Messenger Pencil. Success on the second subject will entitle you to the Maple Leaf Badge of Class II. And if you succeed on the third subject you will be entitled to our neat little blue and white pin that will be awarded to all who qualify under Class III.

This Week's Star Correspondent

MIRIAM ROSS

Honorable Mention

MARION EYRE

THE HALLOWEEN COSTUME

ANNE dashed home to tell her mother about the Hallowe'en party which the teacher Miss Hill was giving the children.

"There are going to be games, lunch, and prizes. We must all wear a costume and a mask".

"Well, where are you going to get your costume?" Asked her mother quite seriously. Oh, mother why can't I make myself a costume? Everyone else is going to have one. Why can't I?" "I don't think you can do that, I haven't time to oversee it," said her mother.

"But I must have a costume—can't I make one?" "No, you cannot." "Oh, mother why can't I?"

"Never mind — but — Well just never mind."

Anne was very saddened by the word "no" but she said no more.

The next day while Anne was at school her mother went shopping. Anne knew nothing of her mother's going as she was home before Anne.

Anne came home full of spirits but later became very sad as this was the night of the party and no costume.

After supper the dishes were washed and put away, Mrs. White said, "Anne come up to your room and get ready."

"But mother I can't go because I have no costume."

"Well just come upstairs Anne, and look around."

So upstairs Anne went and there on the bed was a pretty pink costume for Hallowe'en. "Oh mother!" she cried, "Oh thank you!"

So this is how Anne got her costume. —Miriam Ross

Ans.—Every now and then someone is inspired to write a story, and sometimes they are good, sometimes bad. This is good because it is simple and natural. The Editor has made a few changes. Instead of having Mother refuse point-blank to let Anne have a costume and then suddenly change her mind and buy her one, don't you think it's nicer to show that she wanted Anne to have the costume, but hadn't time to help her make one. Anne, in her excitement, can't think of any way to get a costume except making one. Mother smiles to herself and decides to surprise her impatient little daughter. I hope you will write more stories. —A. R.

TOURNAMENT TACTICS

(Continued from Page 5.)

On the ninth Hal, with as much luck as science, hit a crazy, skidding shot that was simply unreturnable. Leading five to four now, he'd win the match if he could win the next game.

They deuced the game eight times. Then, with advantage in, Hal served the speediest ball Mac had ever seen. In fact he saw it only vaguely. He slashed at it as it zipped past, missed, and was on all-fours, face directly over it, when it landed.

The referee tapped his shoulder.

"You were in my way, sir; was that ball in or out?"

And, rising slowly, Macfadden almost shouted,

"It was in!"

Without much interest, he heard the wild applause as he walked away, heard his name and realized that the crowd had at last changed its opinion of him.

* * *

AT midnight, long after the little town slumbered quietly, Bart Macfadden still sat by his hotel window thinking,— thinking. He hardly heard the unlocked door open softly.

"Why did you do it?" asked Hall. "I knew from what dad said that he might get you. I knew too that your regard for him would bring you out if he asked you. But at the last you *gave* me the contest. You were afraid to have it deuce again, afraid your fighting game-spirit might make you win; and you couldn't bear to hurt me again —not even for dad. You know me,—I don't like a gift game, but this is different."

"I couldn't—" began Mac.

Hal stuck out his big, tanned hand. "I wouldn't enter the Jackson and James firm because you were there—the old hurt, you know. But now that is the very reason I am going in. And for dad, of course. I was an idiot ever to let people make me believe that the hockey accident was—"

Mac was grasping the hand. "Let's get your dad on the phone right now."

"Now be sure to write plain on those bottles," said the farmer to the druggist, "which is for the horse, and which is for me. I don't want anything to happen to that horse before I get all the hay cut."

An astronomer says that other planets, outside this galaxy, are speeding away from the earth at the rate of several thousand miles a minute. Who blames them?

Fish That Live in a Bottle

IN the Plymouth Aquarium is a tiny side tank and in it is a stone bottle lying on its side. From the mouth of the bottle a little horned head with large eyes is seen projecting, says the Children's Newspaper.

It is the head of one of the blennies, known as the Tompot.

These small fishes inhabit the holes and crevices of the rocks at extreme low tide. If they can find an old bottle to live in so much the better, for the Tompot seldom leaves its shelter except perhaps to dart out for a moment to reach some food.

A Beautiful Fin

There is another blenny which loves a bottle for its home. This is the Butterfly Blenny, so called because of the beautiful fin sticking up on its back shaped and marked like a butterfly's wing.

It lives in deeper water and a large empty whelk shell trawled from several fathoms, or an empty glass or stone bottle, will often contain one of these little fishes. Inside the shell or bottle the Butterfly Blenny will lay her tiny round eggs and one of the parents will remain in the bottle guarding the eggs until they are hatched.

Still a third blenny, the Shanny, is the commonest of all, living on all our coasts high up between the tide-marks.

The eyes of the Shanny are ever on the alert and move independently of one another. Directly an enemy is spotted back goes the Shanny into its rocky home.

The eggs of the Shanny are laid on the underside of stones in deep rock crevices, and here again the eggs are carefully guarded by one of the parents.

Naturalists in the laboratory have hatched out the eggs of all these blennies, the Tompot having the largest eggs, the Shanny's coming next in size, and the Butterfly Blenny having the smallest.

When the Baby Fishes Grow

THE, baby fishes are much alike although the three kinds can be distinguished by their form and coloring. When newly hatched they come up near the surface of the water and feed on the tiny free-swimming shrimp-like animals which abound there.

As they grow the side fins become very long, and for such small fishes they can swim well. They are at this stage members of the plankton or floating life of the sea, and are plankton feeders.

When about an inch long they go down to the bottom and stay there for good, feeding on the animals on the ocean floor.

The Shanny lives chiefly on the barnacles, which it scrapes off the rocks with its chisel-like teeth.

A Brave Professor

SOME weeks ago the Messenger quoted Professor Day of McGill University regarding the courage of a small boy, Colin Richardson, at the loss of the S.S. City of Benares.

Professor Day did not say anything of his own bravery and self-sacrifice. A letter to Principal James of McGill tells of this part of the story:

Dear Mr. Principal,

I feel that you and Prof. J. P. Day's colleagues should hear how excellently he behaved, as it brings honors to the university to which he is proud to belong.

He was brought back to my house, as he had been staying with me before he sailed. I regarded the journey as a grave risk, but he was determined to keep term and though very lame with arthritis when he left, he joined his ship on the appointed day. When the boat was torpedoed he refused to go in the boats, leaving them to the women and children, and at the last, jumped into the sea. He came up near a boat and politely inquired if he might come into it! He was taken in, and gave his wraps to two children, becoming unconscious later, in which state he was finally rescued by a destroyer. For a lame man, nearer 60 than 50, this is in the best traditions of England, Canada and McGill University. He is in a very weak and low state, and one leg badly crushed, but quite calm, and mentally unshaken. His doctor is immensely impressed with his courage and fortitude, but his bodily condition is giving some anxiety.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

N. E. McIVER.

Candidate: "How did you like my speech on the agricultural problem?"

Farmer: "It wasn't bad, but a day's rain would do a heap more good."

See Likeness

Danes have been ordered not to kill any geese. It is thought that the gait of these birds has endeared them to the German military authorities.

The Bead That Rolled Away

VERA'S mother had lost one of the pearls from the necklace Daddie had given her before he went to China on his ship; and she was very unhappy about it.

The necklace had broken, and Vera had seen her mother put the little paper of pearls on the table before she took it to the jeweller's to be restrung. Then the wind had blown the little packet on to the floor, and some of the pearls had fallen out. Of course they had soon collected them again.

But when Vera's mother got to the jeweller's she found that one of the pearls was missing. She came home quickly, and they searched everywhere for it; but they couldn't find it. Vera was rather sorry that Mummie had come back so soon, for the next day was her birthday, and Vera was making another necklace, only, of course, hers was just made of colored glass beads.

In her hurry to get on with the necklace while her mother was away Vera upset *her* box of beads too; she had only just collected them when Mummie returned.

"If I make a very beautiful necklace," thought Vera, "perhaps Mummie won't mind so much about losing her pearl!"

She found a lovely round, pearly-looking bead in her box which she hadn't noticed before; and she threaded it in the middle. It was almost like one of Mummie's real ones, so she would like that.

Next morning at breakfast she put the parcel by Mummie's plate. Her mother was delighted when she opened it.

"Where did you get this beautiful bead?" she asked, looking at the pearly one.

"It was in my box," said Vera.

"When you bought it?" asked her mother.

"I'm not sure," said Vera. "I didn't notice it till yesterday. They all fell out on the floor while you were out at the jeweller's."

Mummie hugged her. "I believe you've found my lost pearl!"

Vera's eyes sparkled. "The real pearl?" she cried. "Oh, Mummie, *will* you keep it in my necklace?"

"Of course I will," said Mummie, kissing her again. — The Children's Newspaper.

ROCKING HORSE CABIN

(Continued from Page 9.)

heaven on earth for her husband and little boy—an Utopia in which they all shared. Truly a little world of their own in which they wanted and asked for nothing.

The fourth entry in the diary told of their departure for town that Davy might have the privileges that are the birthright of every boy. Among the blurred, indistinct pencillings these sentences alone stood out legibly:

"Our last week at Timberline Haven. We are going to town to live. It will be hard to leave these blessed hills after the long and happy association with them. We feel that each pine has watched over us in the severest storms of winter—that every rock and blade of grass is our friend. The grouse, too, and the chickadees that used to eat from our hands at twilight will miss our comradeship, we hope. There has been no contact with the outside world since winter bottled up the narrow valley. There will be so much to learn when we reach town. Davy isn't the only one who will have to acquire knowledge. He's a dandy curly-headed, blue-eyed little rascal now, the perfect image of his dad at the same age. And he's like me in more ways than one—getting into mischief, for instance. But he's a great kid; he'll get along, that boy."

Fading sunlight was dotting the earth with shadow patches as I left the old sunken cabin and meandered down the grassy slope toward the silvery creek in the remote foreground. Somehow the experience instilled in me a new type of courage to face the unknown as this wilderness family had done. Sunset came like a benediction over the green, peaceful valley, quiet now in contrast to the old busy days when mining was a profitable business there. A new generation of chickadees sang from a clump of alders. A grouse whirled into flight from an icy spring. Nobody was feeding them now. Unlike their forebears they had to rustle their own living. Purple shadows enveloped Timberline Haven. Black night closed around the once-busy hills.

The old cabin high above slept on!

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. St. Luke 9:49.
2. "Forbid him not: for he that is not against you is for you." (R.V.)
3. Because they saw that they were on their way to Jerusalem.
4. To call down fire from heaven on them.
5. St. Luke 9:55, 56.
6. St. Luke 9:58.
7. St. Luke 9:62.
8. That if they wanted to follow Him they must be in earnest.
9. No for God will always help us.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

HIDDEN BIRD

Where Mother Hubbard went. Whose Cupboard? The Cupboard —— bare, —— so. How much did the dog get?

BEHEADINGS

Can't be borne; can be borne; can be carried; a piece of furniture; can do.

MONEY PUZZLE

I got $5.00 in change. There were two pieces, seventy-eight pieces and sixty pieces. What coins were they?

MYSTERY DOGS

There are a great many dogs in the English language, some of them very common, others rare. See if you can find the DOGS hidden in the words we here describe:

1. The DOG that by any other name would smell as sweet.
2. The DOG with two wheels.
3. The DOG who rules Venice.
4. The hot DOG.
5. The DOG that is tattered and torn.
6. The stubborn DOG.
7. The fishermen's DOG.
8. The dictatorial DOG.
9. The DOG that rhymes.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC

Central letters read downward will give the name of a country.

1. A play. 2. To hammer out. 3. A fruit. 4. Cars could not go without it. 5. Amusing. 6. Used at dinner time. 7. Also used at meals.

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. Why is a musical conductor a very quick man?
2. What mixture used in cookery plays in every cricket match?
3. Why is a small Old Country coin like a star?

Some WRITING!

A public speaker lost his notes for a speech and eventually the slip was discovered at a chemist's where it had been left by mistake. In the meantime the chemist had made it up as a prescription for eyewash.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Queer Animals — Heifers, marmosets, guinea pigs, catamounts, turtles, hippopotamus, giraffes, antelopes, porcupines, chamelons.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Pyramid Game—

1—

B
BE
BEA
BEAT
BEAST
BAREST
STABBER

3—

A
AS
HAS
TEAS
HEATS
HEARTS
HEAREST

4—

O
SO
SOT
SORT
ROAST
SOAREST
TOASTERS

Riddles from Chums—1. Red cabbage. 2. Because they were all married. 3. Strawberry.

Word Square—

L I L Y
I D E A
L E A R
Y A R D

Changed Word—Colt, Loft, Fowl, Foal.

Reversals—1. Pans—snap. 2. Peep-peep. 3. Flow—wolf.

WHENCE?

She: "Did anyone ever tell you how wonderful you are?"

He: "No, I don't think anyone ever did."

She: "Then I'd like to know where you got the idea."

Our Next Serial

The New Wartime Story starting very soon concerns a young fellow who, turned down when trying to enlist for active service because of some slight physical disability, made good nearer home. He had plenty of adventures doing it.

WILD COMRADE

(Continued from Page 3.)

from flight when, had he not called, they would have raced for the main land.

A wild horse pressed close on either side. Wild horses were following close behind.

Beauty ran . . . and Ed felt the play of the horse's muscles under him.

But would they make it? At the upper end the island swept in, close to the main land, and the channel was almost filled with sand. But in this storm even that shallow channel might be running deep with the tide that was pouring in, driven by the power of the gale.

They came to the end of the island, and between them and the main land a wall of foam and spray arose.

No swimmer could live for a minute in that welter of tortured water.

Ed grasped the horse's mane tighter, wondered what would happen, and at the same instant Beauty hit the wall of spray and shot through.

* * *

FOR a second it was nip and tuck.

The waves took the horse's feet out from under him, and for a moment it looked as if Beauty would go down.

But he half swam, half fought his way forward, until again ground was under his feet. And then they were on the mainland, and safe!

Ed slid off the horse's back.

"Beauty!" he said.

The horse stood at a distance, and refused to come forward. Somehow the bond that had existed between them was broken. Maybe it was the wild ride, or the terror that the blow had brought.

"Beauty!" Ed said.

He took a step forward.

The wild horse snorted, then backed away. And surrounded by the other ponies of the barrier reefs, the wild bay horse turned and trotted up the coast. Ed had saved his life . . . he had saved Ed's.

"Well," said Ed, "the debt is paid!"

He stood and watched the bay horse go. He thought, "Goodbye, Beauty, and good luck!" Then he turned and plodded down the coast to where the resort towns lay.

If he had not stopped that day when sailing in with a cargo of conch shells, . . . if . . .

He wondered if he could get the Mary Ann off after the blow. Probably he could, for the little Mary Ann was stoutly built, and the sand bars would protect her from the fury of the waves.

All of us are more or less foolish, but some of us insist upon proving it.—Ezra

While the Kettle Sings . . . Plan Your Dessert

PINEAPPLE SOUFFLE

This dessert should be started in the morning. Cut ten marshmallows into small pieces and put them into a bowl with one cup of sweet cream and one slice of pineapple chopped into fine pieces. Let this stand in a cool place all day. Just before serving, whip with a wooden spoon and serve in custard cups lined with lady-fingers.

FROZEN PEAR CUSTARD

Scald the syrup from one can pears. Make a custard from four egg yolks, slightly beaten, one-fourth cup sugar and the scalded syrup cooked in a double boiler. Add one and one-half teaspoons gelatin softened in two tablespoons water. Fold in two cups of cream whipped until stiff. Turn into a mold and chill. Unmold, place drained pear halves on top—one pear half to each serving. To garnish, sprinkle with chopped nuts.

COFFEE NUT CAKE

2 tablespoons unflavored gelatin, 3 tablespoons cold water, 3-4 cup strong, hot coffee, 2 cups heavy cream, whipped, 1 cup chopped Brazil nuts; lady fingers.

Soften the gelatin in the cold water, add the hot coffee and stir until dissolved. Cool until the mixture starts to thicken, then fold into the stiffly whipped cream. Add the chopped nuts. Line the sides and bottom of a refrigerator pan or mold with split lady fingers and pour in the coffee mixture. Arrange more lady fingers in rows over the top and chill until the cake is firm. Cut in slices and serve plain or with a garnish of sliced nuts.

Bath-Tub Ocean

EVEN though you may not have had the opportunity to go surf-bathing in the sea this summer you can still enjoy the invigorating results of a salt bath right in your own bathroom. Salt has always been recommended to tone up and strengthen the skin tissues because it draws excess moisture from the body and stimulates the human system. To take a salt bath at home which will approximate a dip in the sea, it is suggested that a third of a pound of salt, any grade, be used for every gallon of water, and since the average person uses from 15 to 20 gallons of water for a hot bath, five pounds of salt will give you all the benefits of a hot sea-water bath.—C.I.L.

RAINY DAYS

LELIA MUNSELL

"OH dear," wailed Bobby, "It's raining."

"Bad rain," said Bets.

"Nice rain," laughed Mother. "Think of the thirsty plants and flowers and trees."

"But we can't go out to play."

"No. But I know a lot of nice things you can do inside."

She soon had them busy and happy. First, she gave to each a large square of heavy Manila paper she had saved. Then pictures of houses, together with flower catalogs and scissors and paste, were brought out. Each arranged his own home, drawing in the walks with colored crayon.

Rainy days always come. It will save friction and worry to be ready for them. Shut-in children are apt to be restless and exacting unless they have something interesting to do. A busy child is generally happy, and so of little trouble. Here are a few suggestions.

In good weather, go on a foraging expedition with the children. Gather cockle burrs, burdock burrs, joints of cornstalks, long chicken feathers. Should you be coloring anything, dip some of the feathers and burrs; if not, they will do as they are. Let it be distinctly understood that all these treasures are to be saved for rainy days. The children will then look forward to such days with pleasant anticipation, instead of with irritation.

The feathers suggest Indians. Cut strips of crepe paper or cambric; double them lengthwise. Even little fingers can sew three or four pockets in front, in which to stick feathers; this forms a headdress. Thus decked out, the children will invent their own entertainment.

With the burrs they can make dolls, baskets, picture frames and so forth, by sticking them one to another in shapes desired.

With short lengths of pith from cornstalks, some toothpicks and a few raisins or cranberries for heads, they can form a menagerie, and stage a parade. They'll want some musical instruments for the parade, such as a stewpan and stick, a comb, a jew's-harp or a harmonica.

Save all good colored pictures of birds and animals and large flowers. Paste them on light weight cardboard and cut them into picture puzzles, putting each into a separate envelope. This will provide happy entertainment, when it is desirable for the children to be quiet.

So much for physical rainy days. Mental rainy days will also come sometimes to little children, as they do to us older folks. Be prepared for them, too. Perhaps a playmate has moved away, a loved pet died, a disappointment arisen.

It may break into your schedule to stop what you are doing to play with the children on such occasions, or to tell them funny stories to take their minds off their troubles, but you will do it, if you remember that their troubles are as serious to them as yours are to you. Sometimes, in the case of a little child, the best thing will be simply to sit down and cuddle him and let him tell you all his sorrow.

This "rainy day" effort will pay in the closer relationships you can thus establish. If you show an understanding of your children's troubles now, when they get older, they will turn to you with their difficulties, knowing you will be sympathetic and prepared to help.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

The Spirit Likeness

IN a private chapel in Stockholm, Sweden, hangs a beautfiul painting of Christ, which is known as "The Spirit Likeness." It depicts a noble, manly figure, hands gripped in the intensity of prayer and face uplifted, the light streaming down upon Him. Underneath are the words, "I pray for them whom Thou hast given me, for they are Thine." (St. John 17)

The legend connected with this picture is that it was begun by Bertha Valerius in 1856 and was not completed until 40 years later in 1896. Miss Valerius had had no artistic training, but she felt so strongly the need for a belief in a "Living Christ" still active for the world's upliftment that she longed to do something to bring men's minds back to Him. So she determined to paint a picture of the Saviour that would be so vivid and so life-like as to stir the hearts of those who saw it and inspire them to pray.

She made many fruitless attempts and it was years before the picture was finished to her satisfaction. But it is one of the lovelist and most life-like of the many paintings in our Churches and Cathedrals which strive to give us some idea of how our Saviour looked when He lived on earth.

Discover Your Talent

Talent denotes a definite kind of power. Talent is improved with exercise. Discover your definite kind of power, then put all your power behind it, and the rest is easy.—Van Amburgh.

Northern Messenger

November 22, 1940.

"A PRINCE HAS FALLEN"

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, having played a very great and heroic part on the world's stage at a most crucial point in history has passed to his reward. And it will be greater than any that he has received in honors at the hands of his fellows. His adventures for the betterment of humanity were great. So was his devotion to duty. As for his mistakes, if they indeed were mistakes, they were, after all, "on the side of the angels."

One thing we do know—he did the best that he could see to do for England and the Empire and for the good of the whole world. He felt that war was the worst thing that could befall the world and he strove with all his might to prevent war.

If he had had men of honesty to deal with in the Munich crisis, Mr. Chamberlain might have succeeded permanently in his program of face-to-face discussion and agreement between the heads of great nations. His flying to Germany for personal conferences with Hitler was a gesture of frankness and brotherliness scarcely paralleled in history.

Had the German dictator been a man in whom there was a spark of sane goodness he might have responded to this challenge of goodwill and been ashamed of his exorbitant demands on a weaker neighbor.

But Chamberlain had overestimated his man. Blinded by complete absorption in himself and his hero-worshipping followers, Hitler merely saw a chance to play safe by signing a treaty that would camouflage his purposes and which would tie Britain's hands for a while longer.

A year later, Mr. Chamberlain and all Britain realized that war was not the worst thing that could befall the the world—that it would be worse to sit back and take no action when the forces of darkness threatened to overwhelm what store of goodness its people had acquired through centuries of progress.

It has been a relief to call a spade a spade—to stop trying to trust where there were no grounds for trust. Britain knows now that Hitler has only one obsession,—that all other rulers and peoples must bow to him.

With the characteristics of an upstart he felt he had to prove his superiority over those with whom he should have lived and worked in noble equality. To such equality Mr. Chamberlain idealistically promoted him in his face-to-face negotiations.

Let us pray and work that in the days to come the German nation will have raised up a breed of men fit to be leaders, purged of egoistic self-importance, purged of the lust of conquest, with a sense of responsibility toward the world, and a spirit unafraid to learn from and to work in harmony with other nations.

But we must recognize our own waywardness and selfishness. We were not setting that example to the German people that would have convinced them that our economic, social, political and international creeds were ideal. The Christianity we boasted of was not shining through our lives. Were we not somewhat responsible for the failure of Mr. Chamberlain's pact with Hitler?

When next the world sits around the conference table, may the evidences of the practicability of Christian democracy be so striking that it will win over the peoples now under the shadow of human dictatorships.

MY DEMOCRACY AND YOURS

AND now it is the turn of an American actress to fling out the challenge that every citizen be a propagandist of faith in Democracy. And she added: "You may be sure that the day the U.S. Government should find it necessary to issue propaganda bulletins from Washington in an effort to achieve or direct national unity or national morale that that very day we are on the road to totalitarianism."

In other words, if the individual citizen does not so realize the value of democracy that he will propagate it in others, the state will become totalitarian and tell the citizen what he must and may not do or think.

The day the average citizen ceases to act out his faith in democracy, that day he will not only deserve to be spurred into action for the state but will be spurred into the action desired by the man who happens to be on top.

Genuine democracy is a personal and voluntary obedience to the compelling principle of "government of the people, by the people, for the people."

Selfishness has marred what an unselfish public spiritedness has made possible in our adventures in democracy.

Beyond propagating the principles of democracy, those principles must *govern* our personal attitude to our community and all our relations with those about us, political, economic, social.

The greater good of the greater number is not the whole idea of democracy. To that we must add: *with special consideration of the under privileged.* Not mere liberty,, not mere equality, but these inspired by a genuine brotherliness, all these are essential to democracy. Preachers, statesmen, and journalists and broadcasters have been talking that way; and some have been realizing that the only ideal, the only real, the only practical and indeed the only practicable democracy is a Theocracy—a state that recognizes the right of God to rule. William Allen White says: "Democracy is a rough attempt to institutionalize the Christian religion."

A theocracy,—the dictatorship of the Holy Spirit—calls for costly obedience, but leaves us free and guarantees us the life more abundant. A human dictatorship calls for far more costly obedience, darkens our lives and makes us slaves. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve"—then *act* accordingly.

A hundred years ago in "Heroes and hero Worship," Carlyle said that men had blamed John Knox for trying to erect a "Theocracy", but that this was what the world really needed, the rule of God in every department of individual and national life.

A BATTLE AGAINST ODDS

JUST as we go to press comes the story of how the lightly-armed merchant cruiser, Jervis Bay, under Acting Captain E. S. F. Fegan,—an Irishman, by his name—thrust herself in between a German pocket battleship and a merchant convoy, and fought till she was sunk by the enemy's enormously greater guns, allowing her convoy time to scatter and escape.

The courageous fight of the Jervis Bay will be remembered as one of the most gallant actions in Britain's long maritime history.

As in the days of Nelson, "England expects that every man will do his duty" and surely England and the Empire are voluntarily living up to that expectation.

A Great Man Passes

IN the death of the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain the Empire lost a great and noble servant. Years before his Premiership he had had an honorable public career. He was a good man, one who gave of his very best in service of his country and people loved him for it. He did good work in the Ministry of Health.

Housing was his main preoccupation and under acts he laboriously piloted through Parliament he is credited with providing more than a million houses, mostly as slum replacements.

He was also lauded for his work in modernizing the Poor Law system. This legislation ranks high among the major parliamentary reforms of Britain. He also served honorably in other capacities.

As Chancellor of the Exchequer he attended the Ottawa Economic Conference in 1932 and impressed everyone by his frankness and courtesy.

* * *

HE earnestly desired the peace of the world and did his best to maintain it. This became especially evident when he took over the Premiership from Mr. Baldwin in 1937.

Many of us heard Mr. Chamberlain over the radio after his return from Munich in September, 1938, and remember the emotion in his voice as he told of his efforts for peace and their apparent success . . . a success that was short-lived. Before a year had passed war became inevitable, and the peace-loving Premier prepared doggedly to lead his nation into battle. The story of those first war months is well known. As the difficulties of his task mounted Mr. Chamberlain's strength waned.

Early last May when Scandinavia was overrun by the Germans it became evident that a new hand was needed at the helm of affairs in Britain. Chamberlain resigned the premiership, and Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill succeeded him.

* * *

MR. CHAMBERLAIN underwent an operation last summer and then with a fine sense of duty returned to his work in the Government as Lord President of the Council.

But the mental and physical strain under which he had labored for so long told heavily upon him so that he sank under his illness and died almost on the eve of Remembrance Day.

* * *

MR. MACKENZIE KING paid a great tribute to the memory of the deceased statesman. He said in part:

"As those who follow us gaze in retrospect upon these tragic scenes, they will see in the late Prime Minister of Great Britain a plain, forthright, honest, Christian gentleman who loved his fellow-men and the ways of peace. .

"History will, I believe, pay Mr. Chamberlain's memory these tributes. His passion for peace and his patient search for it gave to the cause of Britain a moral strength in the eyes of the world, invaluable in a struggle between good and evil.

"The temporary peace which his patience gained . . . unmasked the true character of the new tyranny, and strengthened the preparations of free nations to meet the threat to the Christian civilization which they cherished.

"In the midst of danger, discouragement and defeat, Mr. Chamberlain never despaired of his country or of her great cause in the world of men. Canadians and Britons, alike, will join in honoring a faithful servant of humanity."

Mr. Churchill's tribute was in part:

"He had physical and moral toughness of fibre which enabled him, throughout his varied career, to endure misfortune and disappointment without being unduly discouraged or wearied.

* * *

"When, contrary to all his hopes and all his beliefs and exertions, war came upon him, there was no man more resolved to pursue the unsought quarrel to death. . . .

"He met the approach of death with a steady eye. If he grieved at all, it was that he could not be a spectator of our victory, but I think he died with the comfort of knowing the his country had at last turned the corner."

Claxton Puts It Well

MR. BROOKE CLAXTON, M.P. a Montreal Division, speaking in the House to a motion addressed to His Excellency the Governor General said, among many other good things:

I feel I correctly interpret the interests and views of St. Lawrence-St. George when I say that we seek no local interest. . . . We are as much concerned in the prosperity of the wheat farmer on the plains and of the fisherman on our coasts as in that of our own workers. We join with all others in seeking the defence and security of our own country. This means that today we should do everything in our power to aid Britain in her fight on our front line. The courage and fortitude displayed by her men and women have won the admiration of the world.

The greatest things are of the spirit. You cannot see or touch or hear them. In fact you can hardly describe or express them. They are things which take place in the minds and souls of people. In all recorded history there are few greater examples of this than the spirit which has arisen among the people of Great Britain in recent months. It is the spirit of Britain, revealed anew in the miracle of Dunkirk, and reaffirmed each day by the ordinary citizen's attitude to the worst the enemy can do.

Next to Britain, Canada is the strongest power facing the enemy today. The speech from the throne is a reminder to parliament and the country of just how huge our national assignment is. The government is leading the country in a stupendous effort. . . . We know of the immense expansion of our forces. To the three services, over 200,000 Canadians have streamed from the farms and mines, the factories and offices, the universities and the professions to answer the call that they heard in their own hearts. They are as fine men as the world has ever seen. Their number has doubled since this parliament met six months ago. More than two divisions are in England in the front line. From all sides we hear that they are fit and trained, ready to maintain the high traditions of the Canadian corps.

At sea we now have twelve destroyers and more than 100 other vessels taking a major part in convoying the stream of supplies and food we are steadily sending across the seas. Every one of us is proud of what the Canadian navy has done in its far-flung operations.

Give, without expecting or calculating to receive anything back.